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POEMS
AND
CONCEITS
IN
VERSE

BY G. C. COOKE

T. S. DENISON

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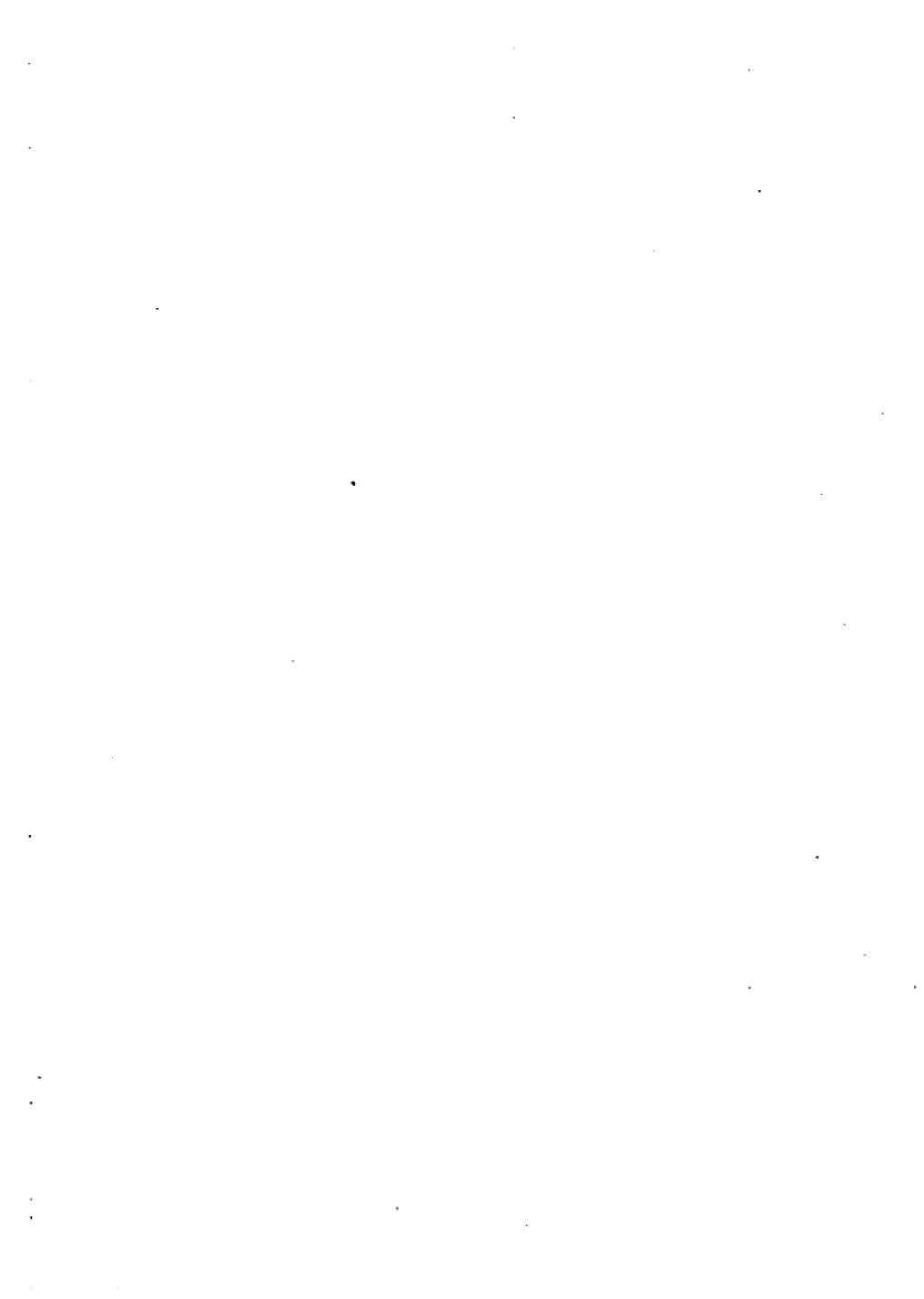
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"And near it grew a tangled wood."

THE
OLD SCHOOLHOUSE
AND OTHER
Poems and Conceits in Verse

BY
T. S. DENISON
"

AUTHOR OF AN IRON CROWN, THE MAN BEHIND, MY
INVISIBLE PARTNER, AND THIRTY-SIX PLAYS.

ILLUSTRATED

"*The hasty and the tardy meet at the ferry.*"



T. S. DENISON, PUBLISHER,
163 RANDOLPH STREET

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BY T. S. DENISON

TO THE PERSON WHO READS A PREFACE.

Some of these poems have appeared in various periodicals. Most of them, however, have never seen the light of publicity. They are part of the bric-a-brac accumulated in my intellectual workshop during twenty-five years. Not knowing what else to do with them, I cast them forth on the sea of print as a mother bird casts her fledgelings from the nest. Some of them, like "Hasten, Love, Hasten," are poetry; others, like "The Ibis," merely rhymes. If I were to indulge any regret concerning their publication, it would be that not more of them are poetry. But verse is undoubtedly the best if not the only vehicle for the expression of many moods and passing fancies.

T. S. DENISON.

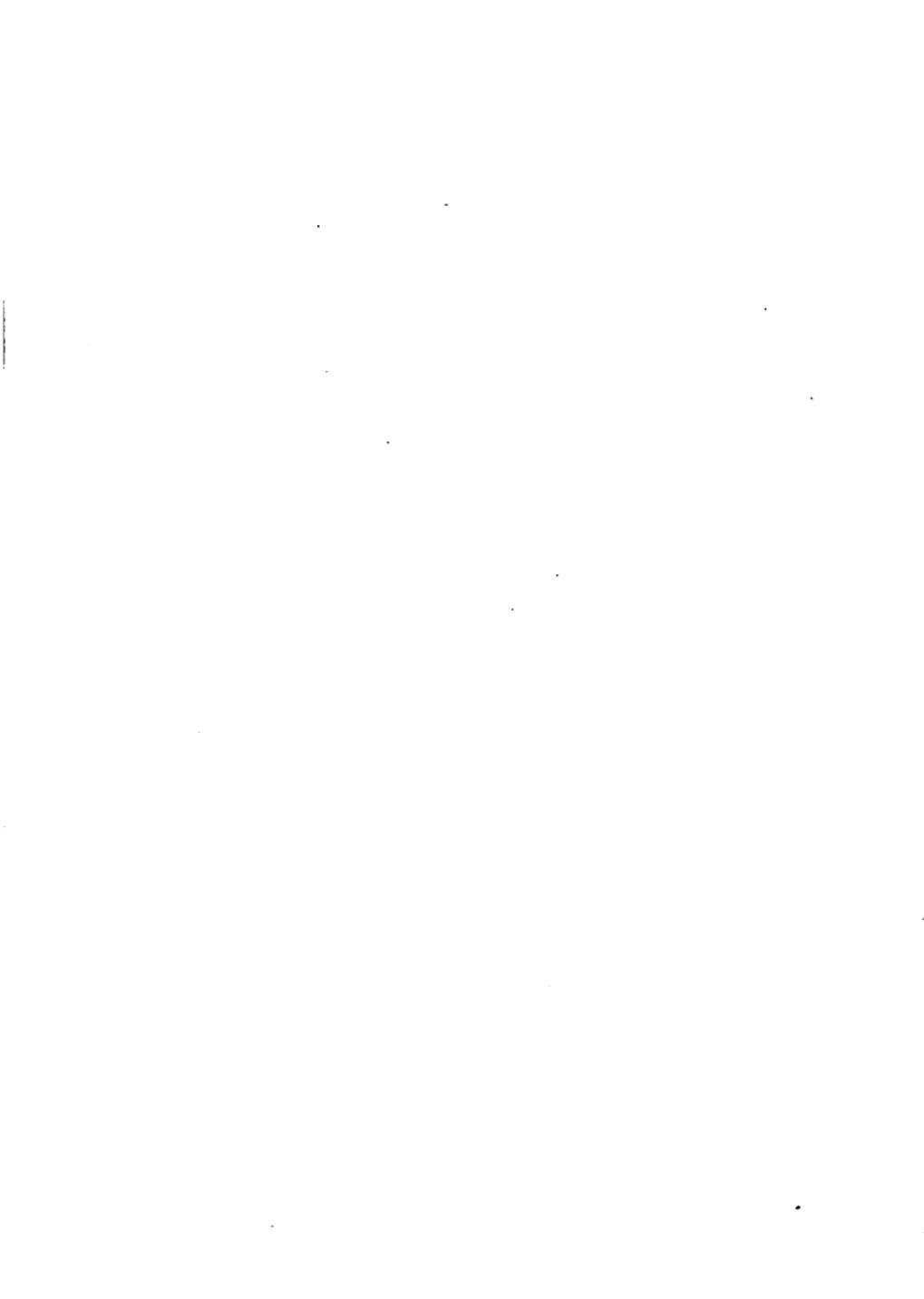
October, 1902.



ILLUSTRATIONS

All the illustrations are by Mr. Morris B. Aleshire,
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VARIOUS POEMS

"*The corn passes from hand to hand,
but comes at last to the mill.*" . . .





THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE

AND

OTHER POEMS AND CONCEITS IN VERSE

The schoolhouse stood on Sandy Hill,
A noisy, old-time knowledge mill,
Where Yankee masters came to teach
And wield the thought-inciting beech.

And near it grew a tangled wood—
“May apples” there inviting stood;
And oft we were too late for class
In digging ‘seng or sassafras.

That log house was of good report,
As strong as blockhouse or a fort;
Great white-oak logs, well chinked with clay,
Combined to keep the wind away.

Along the bench the master comes,
Pronouncing words and “doing” sums ;
Behind his back an urchin grins ;
The hot stove bakes our tender shins.

The learning there was like the place,
Plain rudiments with little grace ;
And of those scholars few there be
Who ciphered past the Rule of Three.

’Twas Readin’, ’Ritin’, ’Rithmetic ;
The books were hard and heads were thick ;
Our thoughts ran more on “corner” ball,
Or scratching pictures on the wall.

The schools are better now, they say,
With drawing cows and muddling clay ;
But learning sometimes on us palls—
We chewed our books for paper balls ;

And slyly tossed them up on high,
Upon the ceiling, there to dry.
But well we learned that simple rule :
“The rod is made for back of fool.”

How very slow the laggard sun
His noontide journey seemed to run!
We longed for lunch of buttered bread
And mellow apples, ripe and red.

Too short that noon, we rushed to ball;
Soon, "Books!" we heard the master call.
A figure lank, I see him still
A-standing on the old log sill.

At lessons, then, with buzz and hum,
We spell, or puzzle o'er a sum.
At four, with shout and rout, we go,
But some are kept, the very slow.

And then our girls! would I could tell
The charms and virtues of sweet Nell,
Or limn the gentle face of Ann,
Or write the hoyden tricks of Fan.

We scarce our triumph could disguise
When we found favor in their eyes,
And saw them home from spelling school,
Or bore them lightly o'er a pool.

Sometimes the master thought it well,
To let them work their siren spell,

And when some booby broke a rule,
Set him among them in the school.

The pokeweed rankles round that door
Where trod the noisy feet of yore;
But still that old, neglected spot
The boys and girls have ne'er forgot.

And where are they, that noisy throng?
Some stood for right and some went wrong,
Some drew the sword, some held the plow,
And some rest in the churchyard now.

LIFE.

From the Greek.

For him who doeth all his duty well,
The span of life is brief in goodly work,
Who doeth ill hath but one endless night.

LONG AGO.

In "Hours of Recreation," 1880.

The pall of the past with its woes and joys
Is the threadbare mantle of Time,—
Old Time who silvers the locks he toys
While their owners once more are girls and boys
In childhood's beautiful clime.

Oh, those cherished times of the long ago,
They are far and still farther away;
And manhood's years as days we know,
For sorrows will come, and pleasures will go,
Till the months pass by as a day.

Away—away, till ages it seems—
In the long ago prone idols lie
'Mid stranded wrecks of cherished schemes,
Once big with hope in our boyish dreams—
They flourished, but only to die.

Happy were we, though our fitful moods
Caused a mother's tear or a mother's kiss,
For imagination's wonderful broods
Peopled a realm where no care intrudes,
A realm of air-castles and bliss.

We are wiser now; we were happier then,
When our young hearts knew not a sigh;
And a something whispers the old refrain,
The reason of all our happiness then,
We knew not that hopes could die.

THE ZODIACAL LIGHT.

Pale, spectral visitor of radiant southern skies,
Thy nightly apparition charms my wondering eyes.
A mystery thy shadowy aspect ever keeps,
Hid from all eyes which search the vast, celestial
deep.
The Milky Way were but an old familiar friend;
But thy pale mystic shade with Heaven's blue doth
blend.

Sweet shadow, tell me, art thou some celestial maid
Of bold Arcturus or Aldebaran afraid?
Or dost thou flee thy lover, the pursuing sun,
Too coy to yield thyself, yet willing to be won?

PRESENTATION INSCRIPTION IN A BOOK OF VERSE.

Dear Clara, gentle cousin mine,
Pray read the verses in this book.
The poet's fire is divine;
It lightens many a darksome nook.

The poet's inspiration deep
May lead us from our earthy selves;
So in your soul fine verses keep,
Instead of keeping them on shelves.

It needs a sympathetic heart
To vibrate to a tender verse;
And, if you feel the poet's art,
Your praise is better than your purse,

THE THING THAT WILL NOT BE.

A futile race, a thin, white face,
No funeral dirges o'er his bier.
One line his work will briefly trace—
“A great ambition ended here.”
A mother stands beside the gate;
Hope whispers: “He will come to me,
My boy who went with heart elate.”
She hopes the thing that will not be.

Each hour tells of sad farewells,
Since time and hope together met,
And youth will go where fortune dwells,
As others went whose sun has set.
The home ones bear a voiceless grief
And fear the thing they yearn to see.
Ah, me! to hold against belief
The hope of thing that will not be.

The hour was rife, ambition's strife
Has left but age and wasted days;

We spurned the joys of humble life—
 Oh, mad ambition, curse thy ways!
But eagerly they seize each place,
 As swiftly as the winds may flee.
With hope alight in every face
 They seek the thing—oh, will it be?

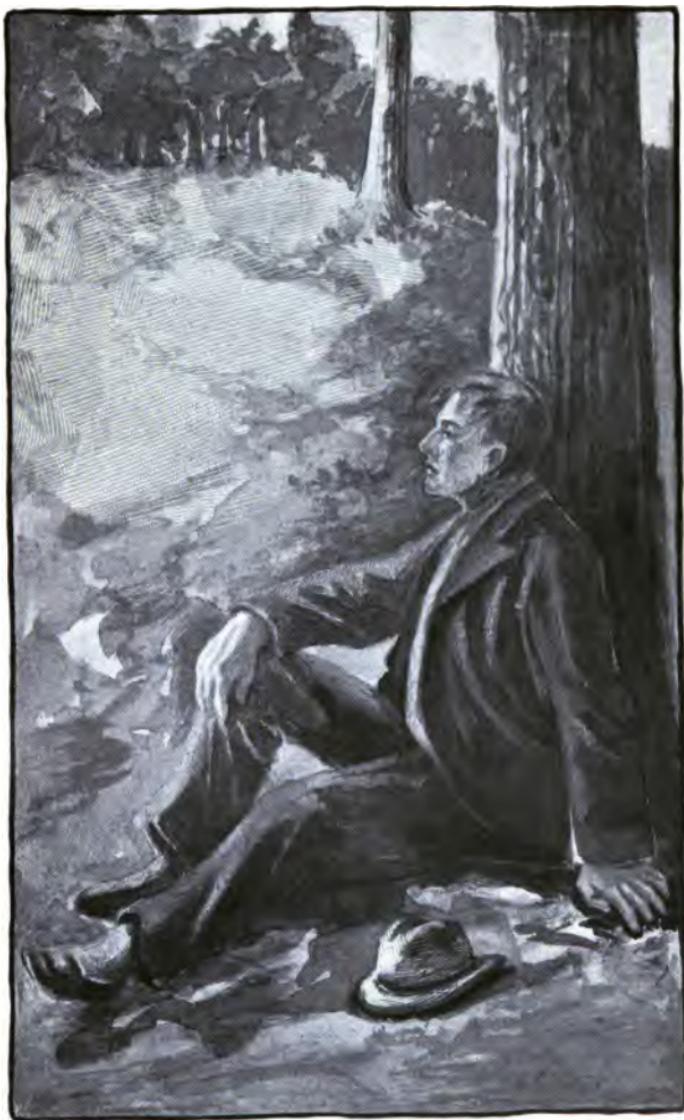
Ye plant in vain who know not pain,
 And better field than yours is none;
Though far-off lands allure with gain,
 At home there's duty to be done.
And honor is the choicest fruit
 That duty plants or men may see,
And ever shall the world impute
 To it the things that ought to be.

Oh, young and fair, be this your prayer,
 Though ye may wander or abide;
“Be honor with me everywhere,
 With ebbing as with flooding tide.”
Be zealous then, thine hour is brief,
 In faith someone doth pray for thee,
And someone holds thee in belief
 As him who brings what ought to be.

THE POET IS BORN, NOT MADE.

"Poeta nascitur, non fit."

Men say the poet's born, not made—
Divine his birth, sublime his trade,
Who seems to sing with easy grace
The song that lights a toiler's face.
Though men may flout the dreamer's rhyme,
The poet's word endures with time.
His thoughts are tuned to aching heart,
And spring at touch of sorrow's dart.
With kindling zeal he sings his song
That prostrate souls may rise up strong.
When men despair he flies his flag,
And bravely sings lest others lag.
His life blood ebbs, his hope is gone,
Knight of the right, he cheers men on,
His soul aflame with noble wrath.
Sweet flowers deck the poet's path,
Who sows 'mid clods of human greed,
In future years shall spring the seed.



"Though men may flout the dreamer's rhyme."

E'en though his sorrows end in night,
Full time shall trim the poet's light,
And men shall know the poet's trade.
Poet, of pain and sorrow made,
Hold fast this truth, despite men's scorn,
The poet's made as well as born.

AN IDEAL.

An Imitation.

In "Hours of Recreation," 1880.

If I had wit and beauty
Awhile I'd play the beau;
I'd pledge a solemn duty
To let my humor flow.

I'd keep my spirits frisky
And charm the fair with chat,
For jesting isn't risky
When jokes are never flat.

The lords of all creation
Most envious should be,
When woman's adoration
The fair bestowed on me.

If I had untold money,
Then servants full a score,
The wise, the grave, the funny
Should serve my ample store.

I'd give the choicest dinners,
My viands of the best,
I'd ask both saints and sinners;
They munch with equal zest.

My wife, a stately beauty,
Should royally preside;
A queen of love and duty
Must be my happy bride.

In travel there is solace;
I'd sit with dukes and kings;
I'd build a summer palace
At Newport or the "Springs."

I'd read and write at leisure,
And great men I would know,

Rare books I'd make a treasure,
I'd talk of art, so, so.

I think I could be merry
Ha! ha! quite merry, sure.
In charity not weary,
I'd give to all the poor.

And then I'd surely covet
A modicum of fame;
If one can get above it,
A lowly station's tame.

At last upon the summit,
I'd look serenely down,
And measure with my plummet
The lofty heights I'd won.

But I couldn't smile forever;
Then what wisdom's in my plan?
Alas, perhaps there never
Lived a *very* happy man.

INDIAN SUMMER.

The aging year in its revolving course
Doth seem to linger fondly in the haze
Of languorous Indian summer's witching spell.
The forests glow in red and gold and brown,
While hill and valley drape themselves in blue.
The golden paw-paw hangs a-ripening,
And in the grass the yellow walnuts gleam.
Sweet chestnuts hide beneath the russet leaves,
Where busy squirrels gather winter's hoard.
The whitening fodder in the serried shocks
Of corn is foil to gleaming pumpkins' gold;
And gold that would have tempted Argonauts,
In piled profusion, marks the husker's course,
As shirt-sleeved farmers gather in the corn.
The mellow air is fraught with perfume sweet
Of ripened fruits, of apples and of grapes,
Waiting, insistent, for the gathering.
In straggling, noisy squadrons fly the crows,
All marshaled for their southern pilgrimage.



"The whitening fodder in the serried shocks."

And blackbirds swoop along the wheatfield's edge,
In noisy consultation and farewell.
At early morn the air is crisp with frost;
At eve the sun drops through the veiling haze,
A fiery globe, whose martial aspect seems
At war with all the beauties of the day.
And all too short, this season of delight,
For Indian summer heralds winter's snow.

INSCRIBED ON A FLY-LEAF.

Helen, precious friend of mine,
Read this book, 'tis half divine;
May you feel the poet's art;
Keep it always in your heart.

Books are many, poets few;
Guard with care the good and true;
Let the worldlings hawk and trade,
Treasure thoughts that ne'er shall fade.

THE LEPER.

That distant time is by a halo lit,
Those happy days of home and friends and fame,
Until *that* came, the nameless thing, and *it*
I took me unbeknown,
To slay my being and to blast my name.

Good-bye to wife and child; we meet no more.
Friends shun me, horror stamped in every face.
Cease vain lament, forget me, I implore;
A leper is unclean,
And unclean things the memory may not trace.

All doors are closed to these, the living dead,
Who in the ashes of repentance cry;
So vile their place that even beasts had fled,
Discovering its bounds.
And seeing them, I prayed that I might die.

But soon my eyes were blasted by the sight
Of ebbing life thus linked to festering death,

Till one, most dreadful, filled me with affright,
A limbless lump decayed,
And cursing fate I fled with bated breath.

So, speeding on, I met a prince of state,
Who rode in pomp with trumpet's martial blare,
While throngs acclaimed him greatest of the great,
And runners cleared his way.

But as he passed I saw the leper there.

Rebellious, then I cried: "Oh, why undone am I?
For he, too, has the poison's fatal sting."
They mocked me, but a cynic made reply:
"Go, fool, thou art discovered,
And purple hides the errors of a king."

Enraged, the people then began to rave
And stoned me till I shrieked: "Oh, God unjust,
I curse thee." And escaping, in a cave,
Made friends of reptiles. Lost!
Forsworn and filled with all a devil's lust.

But solitude had tamed my surging heart,
And, reconciled, I sought that leper band
To claim the crust that was my humble part,
As men fling bones to dogs.
And there an angel took my leprous hand

And spake: "Rage not. He hath attained his goal;
But fallen angels wait to chant his dirge.
Have pity; his is leprosy of soul,
But thine is of the flesh,
Which prayer and humility may purge.

"The prince hath sinned against the Holy Ghost,
Insulting Heaven's grace. Thy sin is pride,
And lowliness redeems thy virtue lost.
But ever pray for him,
Lest he in Hades curse the day he died."

AN ODE OF ANACREON.

The black earth ever drinketh,
The forest drinks from her,
The deep sea drinks the zephyrs
That o'er its bosom stir.
The sun-orb, ocean sated,
From thirsting moon doth flee.
So, comrades, why oppose it?
Go, leave my cup to me.

LEARN TO LABOR AND TO WAIT.

In "Hours of Recreation," 1881.

There's an adage trite and golden,
"Learn to labor and to wait,"
And that maxim worn and olden
Ever points to wisdom's state.

Hear the words of truth, nor falter
At the lessons she may teach;
Neither luck nor fate can alter
Any prize within your reach.

But the meaning of the sages
Oft is hid from careless view,
And the wisdom of the ages
Must be learned by each anew.

Learn to labor! Sacred duty
Lies enshrined in that behest,
And our toil is robed in beauty
When our labor earns us rest.

But the waiting! ah, the waiting!
Naught is labor; doubt is pain;
Deepest wisdom lies in satiating
Present wants with present gain.

Dream not of the golden showers
That may crown your efforts brave;
You may rest in fortune's bowers,
Mayhap in a pauper's grave.

Not by toiling, not by waiting,
Can we open Eden's gate;
Greedy toil has no abating,
And the miser learns to wait.

Time for gaining, time for giving,
Journey ever very near,
And the life that's worth the living
Toils, enjoys, and scatters cheer.

THE SNOW PLANT.

Snow plant by the mountain trail,
Ruddy flesh of warmest glow,
Curious were your simple tale,
Told of life beneath the snow.

Crisp and leafless little plant,
Grown on root of sugar pine;
Nature's freak you are, I grant,
Glowing red as sparkling wine.

And your flowers, crimson, too,
Little pendant fairy bells,
Pure as snow from which they grew,
Hidden in Sierra's dells.

Flesh with neither seed nor root,
Plant that loves the spotless snow,
Beautiful your fragile shoot,
Bursting from the frost below.

Most carnations love the light,
 You prefer the mountain shade.
Warmth and color love should plight—
 Snow plant, you are oddly made.

IT IS AN ILL THING TO BE DYING.

A Sentiment of Sappho.—

An evil death must be,
For so the gods decree;
I fain at rest would lie
Were 't beautiful to die.

THE 'OP TREE AT KEW.

It befell in the gardens of Kew
Where I sought for an old English yew,
 And a gardener lame
 Volunteered me the same,
In the space of a minute, to view.

But to cruise and to roll alongside
Such a stumpy and grumpy old guide
 Set my wits all askew
 In the curious gardens of Kew,
And his accents my tympanum tried.

For his words, like his mariner's walk,
Seemed to pitch and to roll in his talk.
 “ 'Ere's a fine Hinglish hew,
 There's a Hirish hew, too,
Likewise we've a howl and an 'awk.”

And I tipped him some big British pence.
(In their size there is not any sense).

With a lurch like a smack in a squall
He bowed, for the tip was too small,
And he said: "As I 'opes no hoffense."

All gardeners—and guides—have a plan;
His features antique I did scan;
Then a sixpence, straightway,
I tossed up in play,
And he showed me an 'Op tree, that man.

AN ADMONITION.

Translated from the German of Goethe.

And wilt thou always falter,

Since good is ever here?

Wouldst thou thy fortune alter,

Good luck is ever near.

THE BUGABOO TREE.

Oh, fearsome and weird is the bugaboo tree,
For round it are dancing the dead;
Its quivering boughs little children may see
Through the blankets that cover each head.

A phantom comes whispering, glib in its glee,
Of goblins and ghosts in white:
“A bogie man lives in the bugaboo tree
And he’ll carry you off to-night.”

And frightened we covered each tousled head,
We cuddled down closer for fear,
And shuddered, bethinking that under the bed
The bogies might gibe and jeer.

The bugaboo tree groweth far and wide,
And it tosses uncanny limbs.
And very brave people by day deride
Who suffer at night its whims.

It causes full many a spectral dream—
Black cats, they are very bad luck,
But swift, muddy water will make you scream
And run in your dreams amuck.

And ships, too, are built of the bugaboo tree,
On Friday they never set sail;
'Tis an ominous day, as the sailors agree,
For bogie men ride in the gale.

The tables have turned on the bogie, poor man,
And vainly he flees to his tree.
We've laid him, the humbug, beneath a ban
Of plain, common sense, as you see.

But, common sense, tell me, is that all a myth,
Since wiseacres pooh away pain?
Perhaps it has neither a root nor a pith—
Let people of *Science* explain.

PRESENTIMENTS.

In "Scrap-Book Recitations," 1880.

The following poem was suggested by the belief that many people have presentiments of coming evil. It is said that President Lincoln had such presentiments for many years.

There's naught but ceaseless moaning
In the beat of the restless sea,
And only pain
In that refrain
Foreboding ill to me.

The gale that swept the ocean
Inrushes o'er the earth,
It stirs the lake,
The forests quake,
A specter rides in mirth.

That specter haunts me ever
In many a specious guise,
He comes and goes
With friends and foes
And mocks with fateful eyes.

Prophetic whisperings warn me
Of death in manhood's prime;
By day and night
That phantom sprite
Waits his appointed time.

He holds the darkened corner,
I chat by the fireside,
I laugh in glee,
I jest so free,
The phantom laughs aside.

I think it all a fancy
And busy myself with men,
With many cares,
And great affairs,
Awhile I'm free again.

In travel and scenes of pleasure
Life grows each day more sweet;
With sudden glee
I shout I'm free;
Lo! fate is at my feet!

There's naught but ceaseless moaning
Where beats the restless sea,
And only pain
In that refrain
Foreboding ill to me.

A cloud broods o'er the ocean;
It sails above my head;
That fleecy cloud
Becomes a shroud
To cover me when dead.

THE SHOUTING DERVISH.

"Our town is but small; we all know one another."

—From the Arabic.

There's a dervish in the East,
Who howls just like a beast,
 There's a quiet, whirling dervish better bred.
We've a talking dervish man
In our little social clan,
 Whose shouting must, I fear, disturb the dead.

Now if Allah only would—
He's the source of every good—
 If his mercy might relieve us of the din,
Would by miracle or plan,
He could change our shouting man
 To a dervish who would take a silent spin.

THE WHISPERING DERVISH.

To accompany "The Shouting Dervish."

There is a mysterious dervish,
Who wears a secretive air,
And drags men into an alcove
To whisper to them there.

Hotels and clubs he inhabits,
And for his victims—wo worth!
Oh, would that, like the dodo,
He'd disappear from the earth.

He comes when you are conversing
And spirits your friend away
Into a quiet corner
To join in a mystery play.

And has this serious dervish
Any desirable schemes?
Ah, no! his story is simple—
He deals in the wares called dreams.

THE BIRTH OF THE RAINBOW.

A radiant bouquet,
A careless maid one day,
Threw in a sparkling brook.
The fountain's naiad took
The pretty little gift,
And quickly through the rift
Of silver flashing foam
Bore it to her fairy home.
The limpid waters gleam,
The sparkling little stream
Is blushing through and through,
Dyed with the rose's hue,
As morning's growing light
Illumines sable night.
'Tis summer*hot and dry,
Bold Phœbus rides on high;
His unrelenting rays
Have stilled the warbled lays
Of all the dainty throats
Whose sweetly trilling notes
Were born with April flowers,
Silent now in leafy bowers.



"The limpid waters gleam."



The fields are burning up;
And Sol, with golden cup,
Dips from the fountain's store,
Replenishing once more
The cloud's fantastic rim—
Above the mountain grim.
With joy-enkindled eye
The plowman saw the sky
Pour precious waters down
On farm and dusty town;
Then Sol began to blink
From out an opening chink
That melted fast and wide
Through the dark cloud's side.
And lo! a splendid scene—
The gracious naiad queen
Had placed the beauty glow
Of flowers in the bow.
The careless maiden gazed
Upon the rainbow pleased,
With not a passing thought
Of the beauty she had wrought.
And so a little deed
Of love in time of need
May stir some doubting heart
To play a hero's part.

TO A BOOK JUST PUBLISHED.

When critics praise or sneer by turns,
Who may discern the godlike flame
Of genius that a twelvemonth burns?
Impartial Time shall write his name.

Time seals it—history or song,
Romances, sermons, epic pages;
A myriad acolytes may throng,
And one is chosen for the ages.

I set adrift my little craft,
Content to give it to the sea;
If Fame so please, then let her waft
My venture safely back to me.

And if in scorn Fame pass me by,
Why should I fret who owe her naught?
Ambition wins, but wins to die,
My wage is peace by duty bought.

THE "HANT."

There be a few things
Too deep for science,
Or any appliance
That knowledge brings
To mortals here.
Of all the oddities in creation,
With weird and wizardly reputation,
A walking spook I think most queer.

He stalks at night,
So awfully solemn,
And straight as a column,
To give you a fright
By the light of the moon.
Across your way by indirection,
He seems to glide without reflection,
And makes you a face by the light
o' the moon.

Oh, pity his lot!
To all intents
He circumvents
One gruesome spot
By a ruined house.

With hair on end like a piggie's bristle,
And goose flesh, too, you couldn't whistle,
Or raise the courage to beard a mouse.

He carries his head
Under his arm
To keep it from harm,
Like a loaf of bread
Or coffee bought at the store.
He makes you a face like a son of perdition
By the light of the moon and superstition,
And you wish that the dead would walk no more.

For who is this hant,
That comes from the dead,
And carries his head,
And glides with a slant,
Like a wounded crane?
He dealt in cattle, ycleped a drover,
And bought fat steers from off the clover,
But slain for his money he haunts. Is it plain?

Oh spirit so sad,
I think it folly,
So melancholy,
A ghost should gad,
By the light of the moon.

And though you look a sad-eyed griever,
I'd like to tell you I'm not a believer
In folks afraid to be seen at noon.

THE TRAITOR'S GUILE.

There's a wound that stings,
And the hand that flings
 The shaft is the hand of a friend.
For the traitor's dart
Sinks to the heart,
 And love will not defend.

There's a word that kills
As its poison spills
 From lips that once were kind ;
And the honied smile,
And the traitor's wile,
 Breed anguish most refined.

There's a deed that's done
By a trusted one
 Who was our heart's delight ;
And our love lies dead,
'Neath her pall, outspread,
 That covers treason's blight.

THE HERMIT CRAB.

So you are Mister Hermit Crab,
Who bears his house upon his back?
You little tramp, you're quick to grab
A neater thing that's in your track.

The human tramp o'er dirt will gloat.
You're clean and saucy, snug and trim,
Although you want your neighbor's coat—
He's wearing it, you wait for him.

Your eye's on every vacant house,
You try them on to find a fit,
And tuck in snug as bug or mouse;
You're tickled when you make a hit.

Some people covet, and they spy
The house of friend and try things on.
They scarce can wait to see him die;
They want his things before he's gone.

This crab-ed moral's quickly read,
The hermit isn't quite a goose;
He waits till t'other chap is dead
And puts his things to better use.

THE PALACE.

Suggested by the fall of the dome of the courthouse
at Rockford, Ill., 1882.

Stone by stone the marble palace reared its snowy
front on high,

Day by day its added glories towered grander to-
ward the sky.

Scores of passers gazed with wonder on the city's
fairest pride,

Praised with many words the beauties of their city's
marble bride.

And the builder in whose visions sprang to life
that beauteous dream

Gladly heard the people's praises, words that sweet
as honey seem.

Far abroad the fame was wafted of that wondrous
justice hall,

And the artist read with rapture how his work sur-
passed them all.

Workmen builded, sculptors chiseled, swinging
careless in midair;

Stately columns! graceful sculpture! strength and
beauty everywhere!

Joys are added to the artist, and he leads a fair
young bride

To the stately pile to glory in his own, his city's
pride.

They have passed within the portals, busy hammers
cease to swing,

Rousing cheers for bride and bridegroom through
the lofty arches ring.

Hark! Above the dying echoes rises one appalling
cry

From the workmen on the tower, swinging yonder
toward the sky;

Shrill and awful for one second rings that dreadful
warning sound,

Then a whirl of wreck and ruin, down, the palace
thunders down.

Mortar-bearer, gifted artist, side by side together
bleed;

What for service, what for genius, now shall be the
fitting meed?

Fairer than the broken marble, senseless lies the
stricken bride,

Genius dying in his triumph, crushed and bleeding
at her side.

Toil-worn wives and aged mothers, voiceless, tear-
less, view their dead;

Lost to them is every dear thing, life and hope and
daily bread.

Genius reared that great rotunda, Genius sought to
pierce the sky;

Now, dare Genius tell those widows that in vain
brave men may die?

Sacrifice is offered daily somewhere 'neath the flee-
ing sun,

Or for truth or cruel error sacrifice must still be
done.

Only God's divinest wisdom numbers all the woes of
man,

That betide when rash presumption daring builds
with faulty plan.

Now the artist's dream has vanished, and instead
a shapeless mass

Cumbers all the busy plaza where the countless
thousands pass.

Short his fame, but long the sorrow, nurtured in his
cherished scheme

Shall, enshrined in public legend, live to mark
fame's empty dream.

So misguided genius ever writes his name upon the
sand;

And but truth with angel presence may for aye
enduring stand.

JULY.

Aglow, in lusty ardor, July brings
Her deep fruition to all things create.
Life leaping with new force, in pregnant light,
With emulation triumphs o'er decay.
The golden wheat, the swelling fruits, the leaves
In verdant canopy, all speak of life.
The joyous birds, with songful pride, regard
Their uncouth fledgelings, and the lowing kine
Make loving answer to their sportive young.
Rejoicing in his waving wheat, afield,
The farmer reaps the increase of his lands.
By turns at butter-making and preserves
The wife anticipates the winter's needs.
With fruits the children make an all-day feast.
The invalid breathes in the healing air,
In converse with the birds beneath a tree.
The noisy reaper fells the fragrant grain;
The water boy bears from the spring his jug.
A silver burnish veils ethereal blue,



"The water boy bears from the spring his jug."

In summer's glorious sky ; the fleecy clouds,
Like mountains lying low and far away,
Fit barriers were of some enchanted land,
Their silver edges cut like cameos.
The breezes ripple through the leafy boughs
With murmurs softer than a naiad's sigh.
The idler lies upon the bending grass
Unconscious of the busy world he fled,
And all his being thrills with July's joy.

THE RUNAWAY SLAVE.

Translated freely from the Creole French dialect of
Louisiana.

In a sweet gum tree the mocking-bird sits.
“Peelo, peeloo,” he sings, and he flits.
“Ho there, nigger, cutting in the cane,
Buckle to the work now, might and main.”

Negro picking on the old “banzoo”
Stops to listen, for they want him, too.

Down in the swamp, he hears the refrain,
Of the master's call to the slaves in the cane.

Down in the swamp, by the bayou's side,
"Ole Massr finds me he'll tan mah hide."
There in the swamp, 'mid the cypress knees,
On a moss-grown isle is a bower of ease.

Woodpecker taps in a pine tree's top,
Negro listens for the chase to stop.
Deep in the woods there is plenty of room,
Where the rare sweet jasmin spends its bloom.

Woodpecker taps on a hollow tree—
"Bless yo', honey, dah's a house foh me!"
Rat-tat-ta in the shimmering noon,
And the "banzoo" strums to a negro tune.

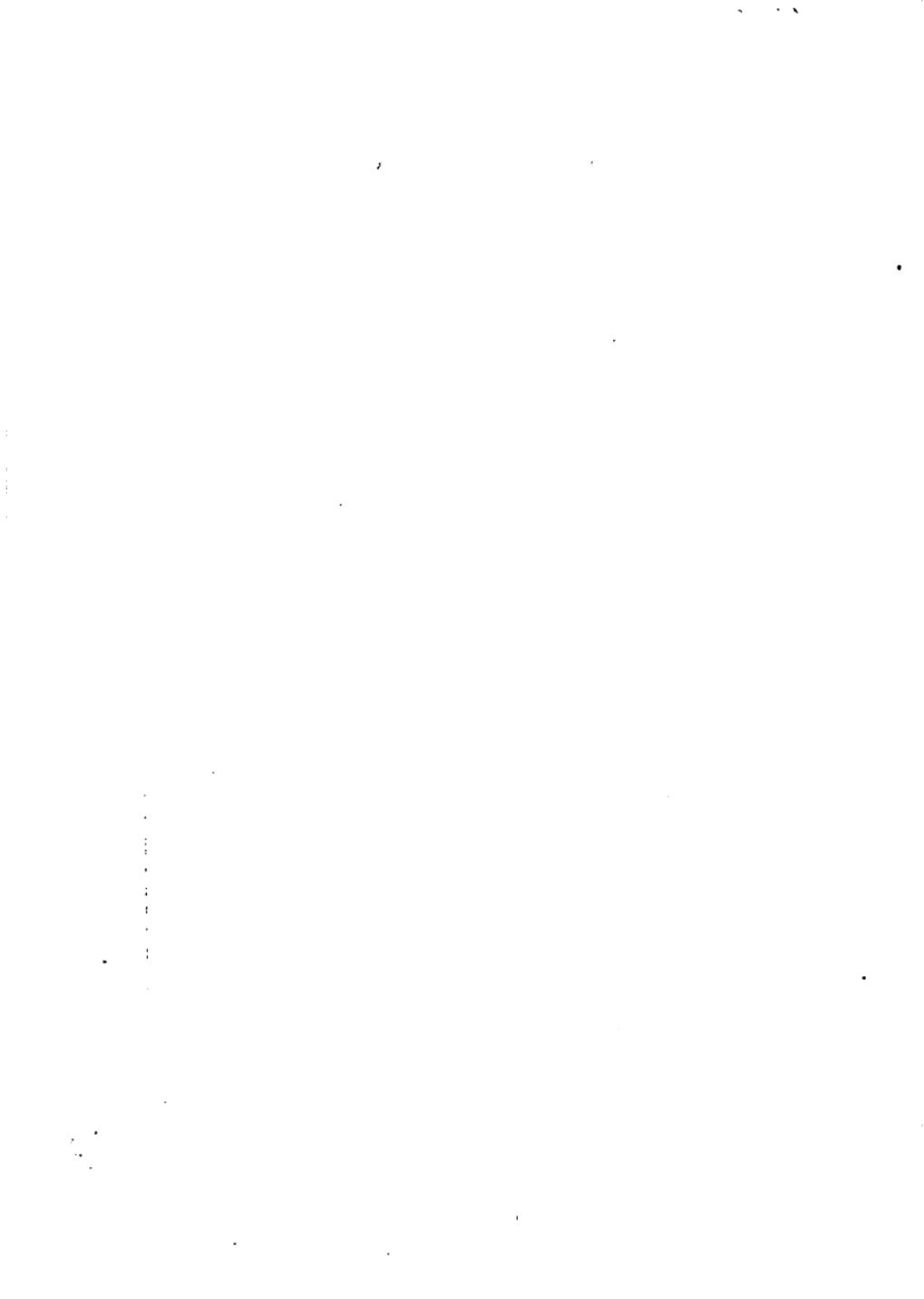




POEMS OF LOVE

*" Si Henri quatre me donnait
Sa grande ville de Paris,
Je préfèrrais ma mie,
Je préfèrrais ma mie."*

*" My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they taught me."*



OH HASTEN, LOVE, HASTEN!

Oh hasten, love, hasten, for time flieth fast;
Our youth is for love and old age for the past.
So come to my arms, love, and list to the beat
Of a heart that will throb to a love token sweet.
I've built thee a bower 'mid roses and vines,
Where each fragrant hour to love lore inclines;
The south wind is blowing, the rose is aglow,
Oh hasten, love, hasten, thy coming is slow.

And if thou come not in the flush of the spring,
The fruitage of summer thy favors will bring.
My star's in the zenith, so come in thy power,
In beauty a vision, in perfume a flower.
The tendrils entwine the fair bower I built,
The beaker is brimming, oh, come ere 'tis spilt.
For the heyday of manhood surpasses in love
As far as the eagle's flight passes the dove.

And failing the summer, then autumn shall plight,
For the charms that are ripened are fair to the sight.
Thine eye is a star, and my heart is, in truth,
More steadfast in love than the heart of my youth.

So hasten, love, hasten, the sap's in the vine,
The purple grapes ripen, come, take them for thine.
Oh, come like Aurora, a rose of the morn,
While the autumn is fat with her fruits and her
corn.

The sun's in the West and the song birds have
flown,
The roses are dead and I'm waiting alone.
Oh hasten, love, hasten, my heart is still warm;
With love at the ingle we'll laugh at the storm.
No longer my blood like the charger doth spring,
Like gold are the hours thy presence will bring.
I'll cherish thee, dear one, I'll kiss thy pale brow,
And our bark shall float outward with love at the
prow.

IF LOVE WERE JUNE.

If love were June, the month of flowers,
When perfume laden steal the hours,
And but one day were numbered mine,
That day, sweet love, should all be thine.

If January's virgin snows
Sealed all the earth in death's repose,
And stars sang out time's last refrain,
Then hope would live did love remain.

Were I in Afric's deserts wild,
And I were nature's trusting child,
And love fled in the fierce Khamseen,
I still would trust in her, my queen.

More, I would sail the Indian Sea
To find thee, love, who waits for me,
And, gliding 'neath the tropic moon,
With thee I'd scorn the wild monsoon.

Though thou didst fly to frigid zone,
I still would seek thee for my own;
For Greenland's longest, darkest night
Were rosy dawn if love did plight.

I must have thee, love, for my own;
Without thee nothing else were won—
Pearls, baubles, all that gold may buy,
Were useless things if love should die.

I'll seek thee now—thou wilt not flee—
And in my heart thou'rt near to me;
And heart hath more as heart doth share,
'Twas made for love to nestle there.

I GAVE YOU A ROSE.

I gave you, love, a rose,
 You asked it with your eyes;
Your face did naught disclose
 Except sweet love's emprise.

My rose you picked apart
 And idly threw away;
Your eyes then begged my heart—
 I could not say them nay.

You took my peace of mind,
 A gift beyond recall;
I thought you true and kind,
 Your eyes said: "Give me all."

I asked your heart of you;
 Your face grew cold as stone;
Ah, traitor eyes untrue!
 Your heart was not your own.

Fair traitor, then I knew
 Why you despoiled my flower;
Ah! like your love 't grew
 To last one fleeting hour.

Where is my one poor rose?
You plucked its petals fast.
Where is my peace of mind?
Gone! gone to join the past.

So all sweet friendship's years
You blasted with your smile,
And dust bedewed with tears,
That's for a woman's wile.

LOVE'S INNER LIGHT.

I walked, one night, beneath the stars,
And while my feet were drawn to earth
My eyes pierced heaven's shining bars;
For love exalted me,
And in my soul joy leaped with sudden birth.

I labored in a garden rare,
Where once but weeds had vexed my sight;
And lo! I saw sweet flowers there,
All limned by love's own hand.
And for her sake my pains became delight.

Each duty of my urgent days
Grew light as whisperings in a dream.
Love silenced envy with dispraise
As sweet as poet's song,
Or tinkling music of a limpid stream.

With chant the world's expectant choir
Uplifts to heaven its pleading eyes
And begs one spark of sacred fire;
But love has lit my soul,
And by her side I walk in paradise.

THE EVILS OF LOVE.

From the Greek.

Misfortune call it not to love,
And bad is love let trial prove.
But worst of all fate's cruel stings
Is love that unrequited springs.

ON THE GREEK VIEW OF LOVE.

All love is evil, thought the Greeks,
But youth such evil ever seeks ;
For not to love is quite as bad,
And love that's scorned—oh plight most sad !

Ah, well, to evil all are prone,
And, right or wrong, I'll seek my own ;
And be there evil in a kiss
I'll take the evil with the bliss.

E'en cruel doubt is sweet delight,
When fair ones work us sorry plight.
Though love be seldom smiles and flowers,
One smile is worth all pain of ours.

So live and love, go drain the cup.
The draught is bitter, drink it up.
'Tis but a madness, that is clear,
But love is life, and life is dear.

And when some fair, bewitching girl
Sets all your being in a whirl,
Let her not all the havoc make,
For love's a game of give and take.

THE MERMAID'S CALL.

Translated from the German—Schiller's "William Tell."

It smiles, the blue sea,
It invites to the bath,
The boy lies asleep,
On the grass by the path.

He hears in his dreaming
A whisper as sweet
As the voice of an angel,
For paradise meet.

She calls from the water:
"Oh, boy, thou art mine.
I'll lure thee far down
Where the seaweeds entwine."

POEMS OF TRAVEL

*"How much a dunce that has been sent to roam
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home."*



CRILLON.

Lines to a Statue of Crillon at Avignon.

Brave old Crillon, standing there
In that little graveled square,
At Avignon, the papal town,
Whence thy title and renown?
"Crillon, le brave," the legend reads.
Armored knight, recount thy deeds.
Broad thy chest and strong thy arm,
Sympathy to thee shall warm.
Warrior, speak from out the grave;
Knight of knights, who called thee "brave?"
Tell me, chevalier of old,
Didst thou ever fight for gold?
In my fancy now I see
Indignation cover thee.
No! in truth that arm so strong
Ne'er was raised in aid of wrong.
"Many blows indeed I gave
For the orphan and the slave.
Captive maid and widowed dame
Never wept at Crillon's name.

Sword I drew for Christ my Lord,
Never false was Crillon's word."
Weighty reasons Crillon gave
Why the world should call him brave.

EL CAPITAN—YOSEMITE.

Overland Monthly.

No milestones mark the mighty handiwork
Of God's creation. Time is but a spark
That points the vastness of eternity.
A satellite may run its course and mark
A fleeting second on that vaulted disk
Where nebulae revolve a single hour.
But mortal all, we know an infinite
Of lesser scope to mete by measures vast.
And thou, *El Capitan*, cloud-piercing rock,
Which rearest in one matchless height supreme
Three thousand feet of awful majesty,
Dost stand and mark the greatness of thy birth.
Lost in transcendent awe, the mortal eye



"And thou, El Capitan, cloud-piercing rock."

Regards thy unscaled, battled heights benumbed,
And seeks in vain thy hidden origin.
Three thousand feet! 'Tis but a feeble span!
And there on high thy cloud-capped fretted head
Hast scorned the fuming storms of gnawing time.
And thou, perchance, hast seen the fiery birth
Of planets, and beheld the perishing
Of suns, unmoved on thy supernal seat,
Thine own birth hid in deepest mystery,
Thou greater than the sphinx. But thou divine,
Stupendous form, exalted one of time,
Through untold æons, wilt thou break the spell
Of thine immensity and tell thy tale?
How wast thou reared, colossus, granite ribbed,
Great monument of Nature's wild caprice?

GLACIER POINT—YOSEMITE.

The giant pines behind me hid the sky;
Before me lay the awe-inspiring deeps
Of great Yosemite. Afar on high
The winter king eternal vigil keeps,

And silent peaks beneath their snowy hood
Stand guard for him o'er this, God's holy rood.

For this is holy ground ; men tread with awe,
And gaze far down on that stupendous pale,
As to that brink their trembling limbs they draw,
And look upon earth's one sublimest vale,
Or on that lofty rim, whence cataracts
Leap on the scene and each his part enacts.

The setting of this wondrous stage sublime
Benumbs each sense and every thought appalls ;
None with an equal grandeur seen since time
Began—Nevada and the Vernal Falls.
Eight hundred feet, Nevada, is thy spume,
Thence down to Vernal in a mighty flume.

And Half Dome, facing great El Capitan !
What genius carved such monuments in stone—
Twin giants, hoary when our race began ?
Yosemite, the matchless, stands alone.
Imagination halts and Nature seals
Her book of mystery and naught reveals.

SUNRISE AT MIRROR LAKE—YOSEMITE.

A sheet of liquid glass in meadow set,
And springing near to meet the dark blue sky,
Three thousand feet of rock and wreathing pines.
'Tis early morn, and crisp the mountain air
Invigorates the eager ones who stand
Expectantly to greet the rising sun.
Most wonderful! They gaze into those depths
And not on high. For there lies mirrored deep
That mighty rock with fringing conifers,
Two mountains base to base, one *downward* thrust.
A fairy scene now bursts upon the eye
In dazzling splendor. In that mirrored notch,
Far down shoot silver rays athwart the fringe
Of pines that seem but lace of rarest weft;
And threads of gold entwine that matchless web,
Fit draping for the fairy queen. And lo!
The god of day, a threaded crescent first
Upon his flaming brow, then all his disk,
With fiery glow to light his wide domain.
One fleeting moment's inspiration deep!
Spellbound we gaze enrapt, then vainly praise
The matchless glories of Yosemite.

THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO.

White City Club, Oct. 14, 1902.

Amazing, measureless immensity!
As if some errant planet, in its flight,
Had torn the vitals of our mundane sphere
And left her wounded in her nakedness,
That pining man through æons yet to come
Might look and feel the Universal Might.
A turbid thread, the Colorado winds
Below, past mountains, in those shudd'ring depths,
Which rear their stony, silent heads aloft
In futile effort to o'ertop that brink—
Great giants that do but impede the sweep
Of that fell cleft where all the cumb'ring dead
Of all the world might find a sepulture.
On either side the desert-plain sweeps up;
And lo! 'tis cut as if by Parca's shears,
In envy of Earth's fructifying breast.
And trembling mortals, riveted in awe,
Gaze down upon the many-colored crags,
Where blend the spectrum tints of variant light.
And shadows mingle, an ethereal veil,

As eve its purpling mantle slowly folds
Around to let the gazer have surcease,
Lest awe should work him some uncanny spell.

THE IBIS.

The ibis is a holy bird,
At least I've heard men say so,
And from his very solemn look
I think he means to stay so.

Beside the Nile, upon one leg,
He stands on sandy bottom,
And seems so very full of thoughts,
You wonder where he got 'em.

In ancient days, when Pharaoh ruled,
Religion was a mixture;
With sacred snakes and tabby cats,
The ibis was a fixture.

At sight of this long-legged fowl,
In need of some emulsions,

The priest, with laughter, surely must
Have fallen in convulsions.

But stay, he's such a solemn chap,
Although he's not a croaker,
No one would ever laugh at him,
Unless 'twere Pharaoh's joker.

Some men are like that sacred bird,
A smile will never win 'em;
They stand around and look so wise,
And yet there's nothing in 'em.

TO THE MUMMY OF RAMESES II.

And here beneath the curious public's view
Has ended all thy greatness, Ra-Messu.
Son of the mighty Seti, thy renown
Three thousand clashing years have handed down.
And once before thee princes knelt like slaves;
To-day, with kindred clay from royal graves,
Thy poor mute form for fee is daily shown—

Five mean piastres, in this land thine own !
Thy kingly presence once so passing great,
In awe the nations wondered at thy state.
The Hittites and the Ethiopians far
In strongholds quailed when thou didst go to war.
Concerning Jews, perchance thy conscience pricks,
Withholding straw and yet demanding bricks.
Great spirit, once within this blackened clay,
That hoped to stir it in a future day,
With shame dost weep o'er this thy corse, time
worn ?
Or dost thou note the curious with fell scorn ?
Of regal race, Great Ra, son of the sun,
On earth so potent, has thy spirit won
A crown of glory in that new sun-land ?
Or dost thou by the Styx ignoble stand,
And brood o'er perished glory, Ra-Messu,
Bewailing olden times, as many do ?
Since here on earth enduring is thy name,
Doubt vantage thee and laureled be thy fame.

JAFFA.

Ho! ye artisans of Hiram,
Men of might and cunning skill,
Truly did you land at Joppa,
Or at Jaffa on the hill?

'Tis a thing past comprehension,
And I think you never did,
For the boiling surf of Jaffa
Chases up a rocky skid,

Tossing sixty feet of silver,
Liquid feathers in the air;
Sons of Hiram, were you seasick
When you made the landing there?

Me, embarking, poor landlubber,
Jaffa's beggars, there they be!
And our boat, just like a bronco,
Tries to buck the roaring sea.

Nose to heaven, plunging madly,
Dinners shifting in the hold;
Down, Lord save us! to inferno,
Seasick men are not o'er bold.

Hiram, if you went to Jaffa—
It is hinted in the Book—
Did you undertake the landing?
Or to tourist agent look?

Up again in awful tumult,
Skyward, Arabs cling to oars,
Stomach this time shifts its cargo
And a comber o'er us pours.

Raging sea and swearing bos'n,
Sinking hearts and rising lunch,
Wailing women, monstrous billow,
Turks and Christians in a bunch.

Ship in offing—just a mile off—
Women all too scared to wail;
Weather for a brief diversion
Rains a deluge, then some hail.

But the Father of the Faithful
Has no use for harbors new,
For if Allah needed shipping
He'd 'a built the harbor, too.

Tell me, Hiram, King of Tyre—
You and Solomon were thick—

Were you eighteen-carat metal
Or a Tyrian gold brick?

Royal humbug were you surely
If you own to Joppa's birth,
For this seaport far the worst is
To be found upon the earth.

Father of the Faithful, close it;
'Tisn't worth a battered sou,
And your custom house—don't breathe it—
Can be bribed with filthy lu—

THE MOUNTAINS OF MOAB.*

Upon Judea's stony hills we stand
And gaze on Moab's land of mystery.
There gleam the waters of the bitter sea
Whose tideless waste fit symbol is of death,
In this dead land whose youth is long forgot.

*The panorama seen from Jerome, Arizona, greatly resembles that described here.



Wady el Kelt, Palestine—with convent of St. Elias and old Roman bridge.

And there, in Jordan's plain, wild Arabs dash
In reckless wantonness on fleetest steeds
And brandish naked swords with matchless skill,
Half sport, half earnest, to amuse the Frank.
The turbid Jordan gnaws, like giant tooth,
A yellow-notch into the dark-blue sea ;
While Sodom apples and the puny brake
Attest an endless war 'twixt life and death
Upon this plain of cities purged by fire.
Surpassing far imagination's scope,
Are seen the mountains of the Moabites ;
Great panorama that would shame the brush
Of Titian or of Raphael, in tints
Laid on by burning sun 'neath wondrous sky,
A glowing violet with golden red
And flushing brown and fading yellow-green,
All blended on this canvas of the gods,
'Neath sky fit rival of the waters blue.
With worldly minds we journeyed to this land
Where prophets once had converse with great Jah,
And we, one moment, grasp the deeper truth,
For here God's spirit quickens all his work.

GETHSEMANE.

Outworn and stricken is this holy land,
And there dejected sits Jerusalem,
Above that vale of tears, Gethsemane,
The place of earth's most awful tragedy.
The hoary, gnarléd olive trees decayed,
Its silent witnesses, are stayed with stones ;
But Christ in agony no solace had.
A land of blood is this where curse of guile
Moves hearts of men to rhythm of violence.
And here mistaken reverence has set
Upon the walls in garish, palsied art
Christ's awful agony. Vain work of love !
All impotent, it jars the inner sense ;
For who can paint the torment of a soul,
In throes of mortal agony ? And least
His soul which bore the woes of all the world,
Wrung with that voiceless pain, ineffable,
Pursued by hate and curséd treachery.
Nay, rather let these blasted hills and vales
Recall his passion and that shameful death,
In cunning, legal form which wrong so loves.
This land of sorrow, smitten with a curse,

In every rood recalls the Christ of love.
So, hoary boughs, be mortuary wreaths;
And, flowers of the garden, like sweet nard,
Distill your perfumes round this sacred spot.

BENI HASSAN.

Beni Hassan, sons of Hassan, don't you think your
conduct bad
Raising such a mighty shindy if a shilling's to be
had?
Beggars all, ye sons of Ishmael, sheik as well as
fellaheen,
Swarming like the flies of Pharaoh where the Nile
is flowing green.
(Green's the color of the river in the babbling
poet's dream,
Just as heaven's blue is "oh fay" for the Danube's
turbid stream.)
Now the Frank in dahabeah comes to see your an-
cient caves,

Like the kite upon the pigeon, down ye swoop, ye
idle knaves;
Donkey driver, sheik and women, mangy cur and
ancient goat,
By the bank, ye ragged ruffians, waiting for the
Frankish boat;
With your throats attuned to "bakshish," for the
traveller dreadful cry.
"Give us something, oh howadji, or we'll let our
cudgels fly."
Oh, ye thieving sons of Hassan, Ibrahim, a man of
blood
Hanged some children of the Hassan, swung them
for the public good.
'Tis a lesson long forgotten; on they swarm in
ragged rank,
As the puffing Frankish steamer glides against the
sloping bank.
Frankish women scream in chorus as the sons of
Hassan rush,
In a riot, bakshish riot, shouting, fighting, in a
crush;
Howling, pushing, sweating, praying, rural guard
and ancient sheik,
Greedy Arab, dog and donkey, all a mighty tumult
make.

Dragoman in rainbow raiment, like to Joseph's gorgeous coat,
Swings his whip and calls his allies, seamen from the Frankish boat.
Lovely woman pale with terror, stolid man enjoys the scene;
In a moment stills the tumult where the Nile is running green.
And the sheik with mighty cudgel speaks as Moses spake of old.
Cowed, ignoble sons of Hassan, after all you're not so bold!
Dead and wounded? Ha! not any, one unlucky bleeding head;
And on donkey back howadjis to the ancient caves are led.
Greedy sons of robber Hassan, why in tumult waste your time?
Very easy is the answer. Donkey drivers earn a dime.
And of Balaam's faithful servants, waiting, forty were or more,
While the curious howadjis reckoned but a single score,

SUNSET IN THE AFRICAN DESERT.

Around is sand and in the distance hills
Whose ruddy sides glow in the setting sun.
No living green, the heated, tawny earth
Lit by mysterious splendor as the day
Is ended. Blue and orange is the east;
The west all gold; and stillness over all.
The scene is hallowed, and a reverence
Springs in the softened heart the while the eye
Dwells on the splendors of the dying day.
And distant stands, black set on russet ground,
An ancient Arab tent, and near its door
A camel silhouetted on the sky.
A yellow globe the sun drops in a sea
Of gold, while quickly turn the ruddy cliffs
To duller hue. A cool, sweet-scented breeze
Springs like a lover to embrace the night.
A feathered creature of the dusk pipes up
As flitting aimlessly from rock to cliff
He bathes his wings in cooling welcome eve.
Meanwhile, we jaded children of the West,
In pensive meditation seek the Nile,

THE ISLE OF PINES.

A laughing sea and tropic sun,
A lazy river, 'twill not run,
A puffing steamer, swarthy crew,
On crazy wharf stand soldiers two.

Here in this little, hidden bay
Cast anchor buccaneers they say.
And o'er the pirate vessel's side,
Their prayers said, men walked and died.

And motley villains swarth of hue
Divided coins and ingots new.
Here, in this lovely Isle of Pines,
They slitted throats and drank good wines.

Now soldiers two of haughty Spain,
While dusky Cubans tug amain
At cable as we idly float
On lazy river, wheezing boat.

We step ashore 'neath tropic sun
And buzz of greetings is begun;
While waiting till we disembark,
Stands vehicle like Noah's ark.

With aimless fussing to and fro,
At last we're ready and we go,
With caballeros, looking queer,
On lanky steeds, in front and rear.

And one with accents very throaty
Much resembled Don Quixote.
Away we race in evening breeze
O'er jolting stones and fallen trees.

Our Señoritas, Dons and Dames
In Spanish call each other names ;
But what had seemed to us a fight,
In truth was converse most polite.

In piney woods to Santa Fé,
The memory lingers many a day.
Delightful, quaint old Cuban town,
Where lazy nature will not frown,

Except when comes the hurricane
And then she plays Old Nick 'tis plain.
With roofs of thatch and drowsy square;
And goats and negroes idling there;

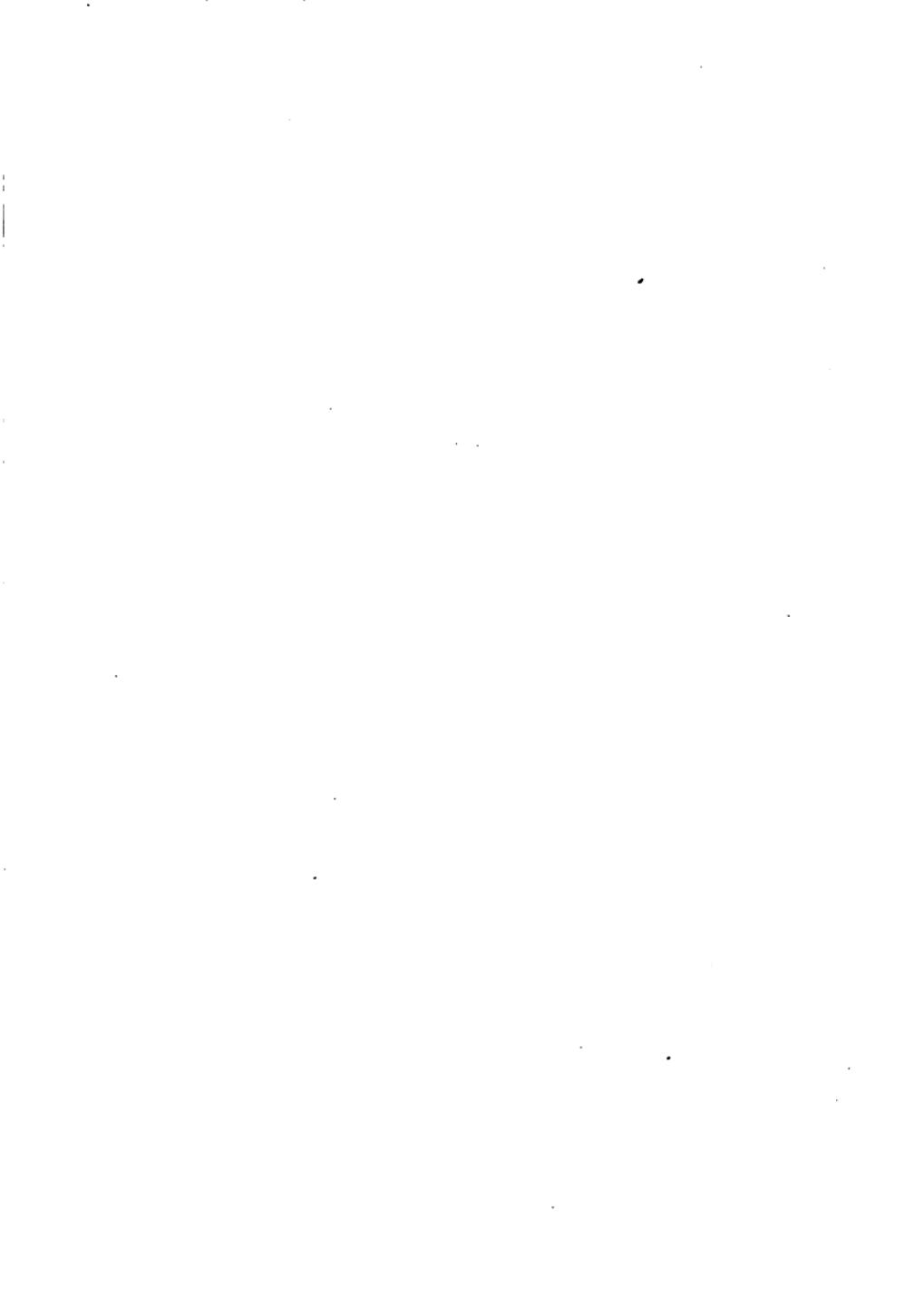
And tossing fronds in evening breeze
Are royal palms, the prince of trees.

What scene is this that greets my eyes?
I stand and gaze in mute surprise.

Banana, hut and palm I note,
And negro, too, and nibbling goat.
A moment there I puzzled stand ;
Have I in dream seen such a land ?

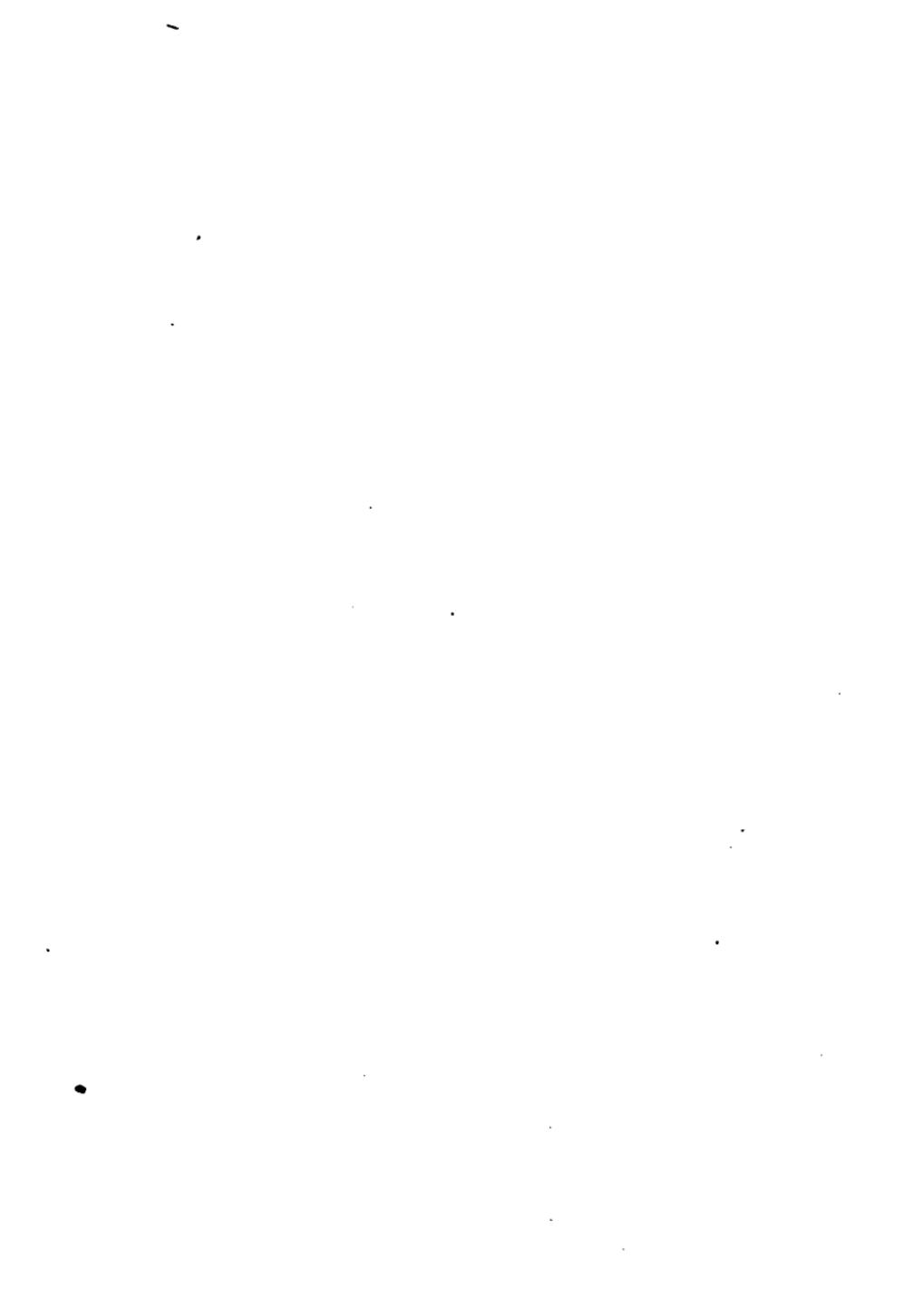
And, reminiscent, then, I look,
Ah, picture 'tis from some old book ;
For memory has kept them all ;
Hut, negro, goat and palm-tree tall.





POEMS OF WAR

*"The falcon dies and his eye
is still upon his prey."*



COLUMBIA.

"Invocation"—from an unpublished historical poem.

Columbia, latest titan born of pregnant time,
Proud arbiter of seas and guardian of the isles,
The great revolving Bear beholds in polar clime
Thy starry flag; thine eyes the Southern Cross be-
guiles.

Heed well, lest siren-songed ambition lead in ways
Which conquerors have trod, the sword thy final
choice,
Where once thy star-embazoned ægis lent its rays
To light the world, and nations hearkened to thy
voice.

To thee men look though but from Pisgah's distant
height;
For seeing thee full many a slave has died in
chains
With hope, because thy arm holds might as less than
right,
And charged his sons: "Be brave; Columbia re-
mains."

Amid thy laurels twine the olive branch of peace;
Teach all thy sons the ways of righteousness and
love,
That war, the sport of kings, in all the earth may
cease;
That God thy mission to the nations may approve:
The light of truth outshines the glitter of a crown,
With crimson halo, limned by hand that draws the
sword.
Since vaunting best befitteth those who seek re-
nown,
Let one word sum thy creed, and freedom be
that word.

THE MARCH OF THE DEAD BRIGADE.

In *Century Magazine* (July, 1898).

No sound disturbs the drowsy dawn,
As forms the dead brigade;
Its silent ranks in serried lines
Glide onward toward the springing pines,
All phantoms in parade.

Their steps bend not the drooping corn;
These warriors all are ghosts.
In rank and file with solemn tread,
Their captains marching at the head,
Move on these silent hosts.

From out the tented camp of death,
Their flag of peace displayed,
With footfall soft as dew at morn
These cohorts sweep the bending corn,
Where battle once was laid.

The mark of God's eternal peace
Their countenances bear;
And, freed from all unholy hate,
They shine with that exalted state
Which heaven's angels share.

THE CHARGE OF PICKETT'S BRIGADE.

In Gettysburg at break of day
The hosts of war are held in leash
To gird them for the coming fray,

E'er brazen-throated monsters flame,
Mad hounds of death that tear and maim.

Ho, boys in blue,
And gray so true,
Fate calls to-day the roll of fame.

On Cemetery Hill was done
The clangor of four hundred guns ;
Through drifting smoke the morning sun
Shown down a line of battled gray
Where Pickett's waiting soldiers lay.
Virginians all,
Heed glory's call,
You die at Gettysburg to-day.

'Twas Pickett's veteran brigade,
Great Lee had named ; he knew them well ;
Oft had their steel the battle stayed.
Oh warriors of the eagle plume,
Fate points for you the hour of doom.
Ring rebel yell,
War cry and knell !
The stars, to-night, will set in gloom.

Oh Pickett's men, ye sons of fate,
Awe-stricken nations bide your deeds.

For you the centuries did wait,
While wrong had writ her lengthening scroll
And God had set the judgment roll.
A thousand years
Shall wait in tears,
And one swift hour bring to goal.

The charge is done, a cause is lost ;
But Pickett's men heed not the din
Of ragged columns battle tost ;
For fame enshrouds them on the field,
And pierced, Virginia, is thy shield.
But stars and bars
Shall drape thy scars ;
No cause is lost till honor yield.

OUR UNKNOWN HEROES.

By Permission of Woman's Home Companion.

The soldier dies in battle
And glory guards his name ;
Then twine one wreath of laurel
For heroes lost to fame.

The soldier dies in battle;
The engineer dies, too,
Amid a wreck of iron,
His courage just as true.

He guides his flying monster
By bridge and mountain side,
Though death sit on the pilot
To share his last swift ride.

In battle dies the soldier;
Men write his name on high;
Under the stone the miner,
With none to hear his cry.

The one in God's bright sunshine,
For glory yields his life;
The other in the darkness
For children and for wife.

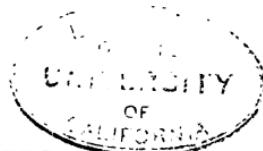
And him who bends to labor,
Through twoscore years and ten,
Grave deep his name in marble,
Let him be known of men.

The warrior wins a guerdon;
But fields of golden wheat



"And peace, the toiler's way."





POEMS AND CONCEITS IN VERSE.

103

Redeem God's lasting promise
That all mankind shall eat.

The soldier's trade is slaughter;
And peace the toiler's way;
Whose then shall be the trophy
Upon the judgment day?

Carve all their names in marble,
Our roll of honored dead—

- The soldier's for our country,
The toiler's for our bread.
-

THE SLEUTHING OF THE TIGER.

Since first the sons of women
Have sought the forest shade
The sleuthing of the tiger
Has made their souls afraid;
Forever, at the daybreak,
His helpless quarry cries,
And, waking with the morning,
Is thefeat that never dies.

Men say of old he hunted
For humbler, timid game;
Slim-flanked and shod in velvet,
To haunts of deer he came.
But once in dreadful hour
He tasted human blood;
Now, dainty, sleuthing tiger,
He trails a nobler brood.

With age has grown his cunning;
His robe once tawn is white;
The sleuthing of the tiger
No more is done by night.
This tyrant of the forest
Would fain to men be leal,
But 'neath his mask deceitful
Lie bristling rows of steel.

And envoy of the nations,
Of destiny the mate,
He cons the book of logic
And seals the book of fate.
The stealthy, sleuthing tiger
Would wear God's seal and sign
To carry law and order,
Dark man, to thee and thine.

And far off in the forest
Resounds the hopeless wail
Of wretched, hunted people,
The tiger on their trail,
The crafty, sleuthing tiger,
God's self-appointed beast,
Who robs the child of nature
That tigers still may feast.

THE HYMN OF THE AVENGER.

On the eve of the Spanish-American War, April 3, 1898.

Hark, the trumpet of an angel, and behold a vision
dire!
See the awful god of hatred at his sacrificial fire!
Lo, in Cuba and Armenia his loathsome altars rise!
And the smoking of the sacrifice pollutes our South-
ern skies.

While the waiting nations ask: Oh God, how
long?

In the sunny vales of Turkey see the heaping of
the slain,

And the shrieking of his victims rings across the
Spanish Main,
While the rav'ning god of hatred in the fierceness
of his zeal,
Girds anew his bloody garments and he whets his
cursed steel.

And the money changers whisper: Let us wait.

Oh, shall babes and weeping maidens cry and ever
cry in vain?

No, the voice of mercy speaketh: "Let the mad-
dened beast be slain,"

And a million freemen draw their blades to smite
him in their wrath.

May the God of Justice guide them as they break
him in his path.

And the awful sentence ringeth: He shall die.

Let the sword of righteous judgment cleave the
beast from head to heel;

And the wrath of God consume him on an altar built
of steel;

Strewing wide his unclean ashes in the battle's
mighty blast,

That the weak and the oppressed may abide in peace
at last.

For the mighty are the servants of the Lord.

THE POET AND THE WORD.

In Chicago Chronicle (November 26, 1899.)

Lines suggested by the slaughter breathing emanations
of certain English poets.

Scorn for the men
Who wield the pen
To bolster usurpation.

Vain is a people's boasted pride,
Vain is the cause for which Christ died,
When madness grips a nation.

For bond or free,
'Tis God's decree
That mankind shall inherit;
That every man, in every clime,
Shall prove his work and bide his time
For judgment of his merit.

And 'tis the man
That in God's plan
Shall strive to win his guerdon.
And none, proud Briton, Turk or Gaul,
May bid his neighbor "Heed my call,
'Tis mine to fix thy burden."

That story plain
Is not in vain
 Of Naboth's small possessions.
And ye who covet lands, ye great,
Think not God shall regard your state
 When meting your transgressions.

And none so poor,
Or slave or Boer,
 But God will heed his crying.
When time is ripe, His potent Word
Shall dull the proud oppressor's sword;
 And *right* takes no denying.

THE CHANT OF THE BOER.

In the Inter Ocean, Chicago (January 2, 1902).

I ride the tawny veldt in pain;
To die for home I count but gain;
The English foemen press my track;
My trusty rifle answers back.
And though I ride straight on to doom,

My fate shall tell through all the years
That freedom's price is blood and tears.

The kopje soothes my aching breast ;
The stars above me guard my rest ;
For friends my rifle and my steed,
In these I trust in time of need,
Though all the legions of a king
Shall trace in flame their master's word,
That right is but a name for sword.

My fallen comrades speak to me ;
They died to make their country free.
The glories of Majuba Hill
And Spion Kop, I see them still.
There sleeps his last my haughty foe.
To him a nation marble rears ;
Let men remember me with tears.

In every vale I meet my foe,
By night his fires round me glow.
But while one Boerman lives to ride,
A silent host is at his side.
So long as Afric sky is bright,
I'll claim my own, my veldt so poor,
And none shall wrest it from the Boer.

THE BOY PRISONER.

Gone to a land of strangers,
 Gone to a lonely cell,
Facing unknown dangers,
 Branded as traitor fell.

All alone in his anguish,
 Far from friends and home,
Day by day to languish,
 Soon despair will come.

Charged with the crime of treason,
 Oh, so young and fair!
Scarcely knowing the reason,
 Why he is dying there.

Neighbors, father, brother,
 Fighting for that creed,
Wonder 'twere if other,
 The boy held right, indeed.

Gone from his hills and valleys,
Gone to far Camp Chase,
Hoping still he rallies,
But death is in his face.

Compassionate, the sentry
Smiles with a friendly nod;
And when the guard makes entry,
A soul has gone to God.

Virginia mother weeping,
Under the old roof tree;
Tears for the boy that's sleeping,
Prayers for the boy with Lee.







THE TYRANT IMMORTAL

1901

"'Ουκ 'εθέλω πλούτεῖν, οὐκ ἔύχομαι· 'αλλά μοι
'ειη σῆν εκ τῶν δλίγων μηδὲν ἔχοντα κακόν."

*"I do not desire great riches, I do not pray for them;
rather let my lot be to live on little, escaping evil."*

THE TYRANT IMMORTAL.

Argument. The author sets forth that each age has a master passion which prevails over the minor vices and foibles of humanity and gives character to an era.

Part I. Degrading fetich worship and human sacrifice prevail, giving color and trend to the life of savages and semi-civilized nations.

Part II. The king becomes a demi-god and uses his divine authority to awe and oppress the ignorant people.

Part III. The lust of conquest, dominion and glory animate the world, especially Rome, which practically was the world.

Part IV. In the Middle Ages the religious feeling is again dominant and the crusades are an exhibition of its power. Alongside of religion, owing to the ignorance of the times, flourished magic, witchcraft and belief in signs and omens.

Part V. The age of Progress promised to bring in a practical millennium. But greed, a detestable passion, has grown with accumulating wealth until it threatens the liberties of the people as did all the other forms of the ruling passion.

THE TYRANT IMMORTAL.

I sing of a tyrant immortal,
Of a tyrant without a name,
Who sits in humanity's portal
And taxes humanity's shame.

PART I. THE FETICH GOD.

Like backward glances flung by one who fears
And runs, so let the vision scan the field
Sown by that farthest age to yield
A crop of vileness and of human tears.

And *It* man worshiped was a monster lank,
Couchant, with vengeful eyes regarding men,
Who blew his poison breath from out his den,
To scorch with vapors that were hot and dank.

And with that vile contagion men went mad;
Eating their brothers' flesh at horrid feasts,

To gain from it new strength 'gainst foes or
beasts.

And slew with joy, for blood-lust made them glad.

And *It*, that monster on the farthest edge,
Beheld his blood-dyed votaries with joy,
While they with trembling, lest his glance de-
stroy,
Laid on his altar each a living pledge.

Sometimes a maiden of a tender age,
Or babe that nestled to its mother's breast,
Or captive spared when death had ta'en the rest ;
And still, unsatisfied, he sulked in rage.

Till fell the lightning from insulted Heaven
To smite the dragon and his priesthood dead,
While dupes and votaries in horror fled,
And conscience quickened with a grain of leaven.

PART II. THE KING GOD.

The *King* it was whose power made the state;
The sun sat on his brow and smote men's eyes
And blinded with effulgence of the skies,
There centering all the things that men call great.

And of this god, whose glance transfixed a foe,
Vicegerent god and brother of the sky,
No groveling subject dared to meet the eye,
Lest presence slay him e'en without a blow.

When royal Ra sat brooding by the Nile,
Or Bel, "Creator," by Euphrates' wave,
Man toiled a beast, a scourged and sweating slave,
That wine and beauty might his god beguile.

He piled a mausoleum of the dead,
With human blood cementing every stone,
And, in the desert, voices seem to moan,
Lamenting all those millions who have bled.

With hidden meaning and with magic rite,
The priests and eunuchs riveted men's chains
Till e'en the soul had suffered mortal pains,
And pined unnourished in eternal night.

In coward fear of saurians of the deep,
Of dogs and vilest thing that flies or crawls,
They built them fanes and sculptured on the walls
Base images in superstition's keep.

Fear ruled the world, for on the royal brow,
Did not sit vainly thunders that could smite
The mightiest who dared his king's despite;
And scorn so lofty hates the slaves who bow.

PART III. THE GLORY GOD.

Ambition next all barriers had rent,
And shook the frightened earth with battle clash;
And made the sword successor to the lash,
While war was holiday with gladness blent.

Great Rome had marked the world a destined prize,
Exacting homage from a thousand chiefs,
Who erst had fought for gain or petty griefs,
And discord led, that Rome by craft might rise.

In marble fanes men kneeled to pallid death,
And loud huzzas acclaimed the god of war,
While captives tugged and died upon the oar,
And soldiers, spent, cursed with their dying breath.

A Cæsar shadowed all the crouching world,
And with the fire of his touch he seared it,
Yea, far as Tigris, men had felt and feared it,
Dreading his oriflamme of war unfurled.

The great fed on the great, and lower sank
The rabble in a cankering slough of lust,
Till faith was not and none his mate could trust,
And Cæsars in a day rose from the rank.

And mighty Rome had writ her name the highest,
Teaching the world the lesson of the sword,

That virile men might con it word by word
And add one line: "Vain is thy pomp, thou diest."

PART IV. THE SUPERSTITION GOD.

As one in fever who hath troubled sleep,
Benumbed with some narcotic, dreamed the world.
The flags that blew for glory were all furled,
And *Superstition* held mankind in keep.

In that dark age the slave was twice a slave,
Who feared his master's whip, but more than one
Whose potent lash could reach the soul undone,
Or with a word could intercede to save.

In cloister sat the monk and pondered well
The ways of spirits, and if ten could dance
Upon a needle's point, or if perchance
The fallen angels' wings were singed in hell.

Then royal grace could cure by royal touch—
"King's Evil!" rottenness, a name to wring

The hearts of kneeling sufferers, who bring
Their sores before the throne. God pity such.

And zealots burned the doubter at the stake,
A holy work that won a heavenly meed,
In name of Christ. To justify a creed,
They burned their brothers for the brothers' sake.

And mumbled prayers o'er a crumbling bone;
Or fumbled relics to avert the spell
Of witches, and of evil shapes that dwell
In haunted places, where none go alone.

So proud the baron was he did despise
The wretch in rags who was his needy serf,
And hacked his flesh as lightly as the turf
That must be well subdued ere crop may rise.

Men walked, half waking, in sad, lethal dreams,
While superstition, mounted, like a hag,
Spurred on her victims, lest their zeal should flag
And reason move them with some transient gleams.

But, like to gods, a chosen few were those,
Who found in chaos forms divinely fair,
Where genius quickened with her tableaux rare
And from the dust art's radiant lily rose.

And lo! the genius of a new-born age
Shakes out the folds of her enchanting robe,
Whose bright effulgence circles all the globe,
And writes but *Progress* on a snow-white page.

PART V. THE MONEY GOD.

Vanished the gods of cold, insensate stone!
To Saurians no more is homage paid,
And witchcraft to Anubis flees afraid,
While vain man boasteth he is all his own.

Olympian *Progress* sits enthroned to rule,
While clang ingresses vomit knowledge forth,
In deluge like to Noah's o'er the earth,
And he who serves not *progress* is a fool.

For progress belts the trembling earth with steel,
And builds her houses twenty stories high.
But, like Anubis, when her loved ones die,
Embalms them fondly as if clay could feel.

And progress crowds her millions in one spot,
So thick their clamor doth astonish Heaven;
And with a dash of learning's frothy leaven
They move to pity at the heathen's lot.

Little hath he but freedom's tonic air,
He wears no harness through the weary hours,
But on his track the civilizing powers
Sleuth him as savage beasts are trailed to lair.

Hail progress! hail the god whose temples spring
Thickly upon the earth; whose servitors not few
Bring costly off'rings in their garments new,
While joyous pæans to their god they sing.

But like the votaries of ancient days,
These servitors have servants who are poor,

Sore stricken with disease that finds no cure,
For, slave or freeman, 'tis the toiler pays.

For man and master meet throughout the ages,
One proud, erect, the other 'neath the yoke;
One was the exalted demi-god who broke
His fellow with the sword—and word of sages.

For words have keener barbs than loaded whips,
And fairest word too oft conceals a gyve
For willing slave; while babbling prophets thrive
By cunning service which is from the lips.

Hail progress! 'Tis a cry of subtle might.
Go rend the old, if, breaking, you may swell
Your reputation and your purse as well.
And change is progress, hence all change is right.

This age has doffed her once enchanting robe,
That radiant garment with its lucent stars,
And donned instead the panoply of Mars,
That progress may encircle all the globe.

And barons, cunninger than those of old,
With alchemy, our freedom deftly bring
To crucibles of trial whence doth spring
A ready genius that turns blood to gold.

Stupid Anubis, with the jackal head!
Thy servile worshipers must needs have whips,
But wiser is our god, who deftly slips
Gold in the palm; our god is better bred.

The new inrushing years with fatness cloy,
And freedom's increase holds the world in scorn,
She hails her kings of iron, oil and corn,
For oil makes gladness and in corn is joy.

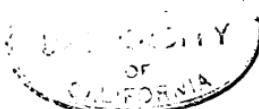
She thanks thee, progress, for the right to cheer
This Pantheon that greets her wondering eyes,
With Plutocrats the mightiest 'neath the skies,
Whose chief may count a thousand millions clear.

EPILOGUE.

The dragon's fane was dabbled with men's blood;
The mighty sun-god smote his trembling slaves;
Rome's god, the sword, her priesthood were her
braves;

The monkish ages prayed the holy rood.

Oh, freemen, heed the parting of the ways!
Our quest is freedom's Holy Grail,
Thou, God, be with us lest we, too, may fail,
And might prove right, as in the darker days.



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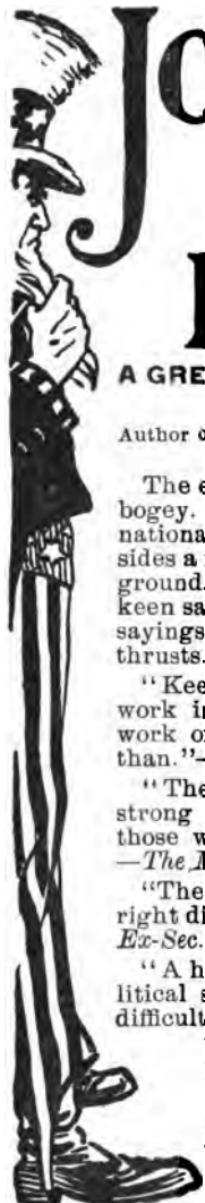
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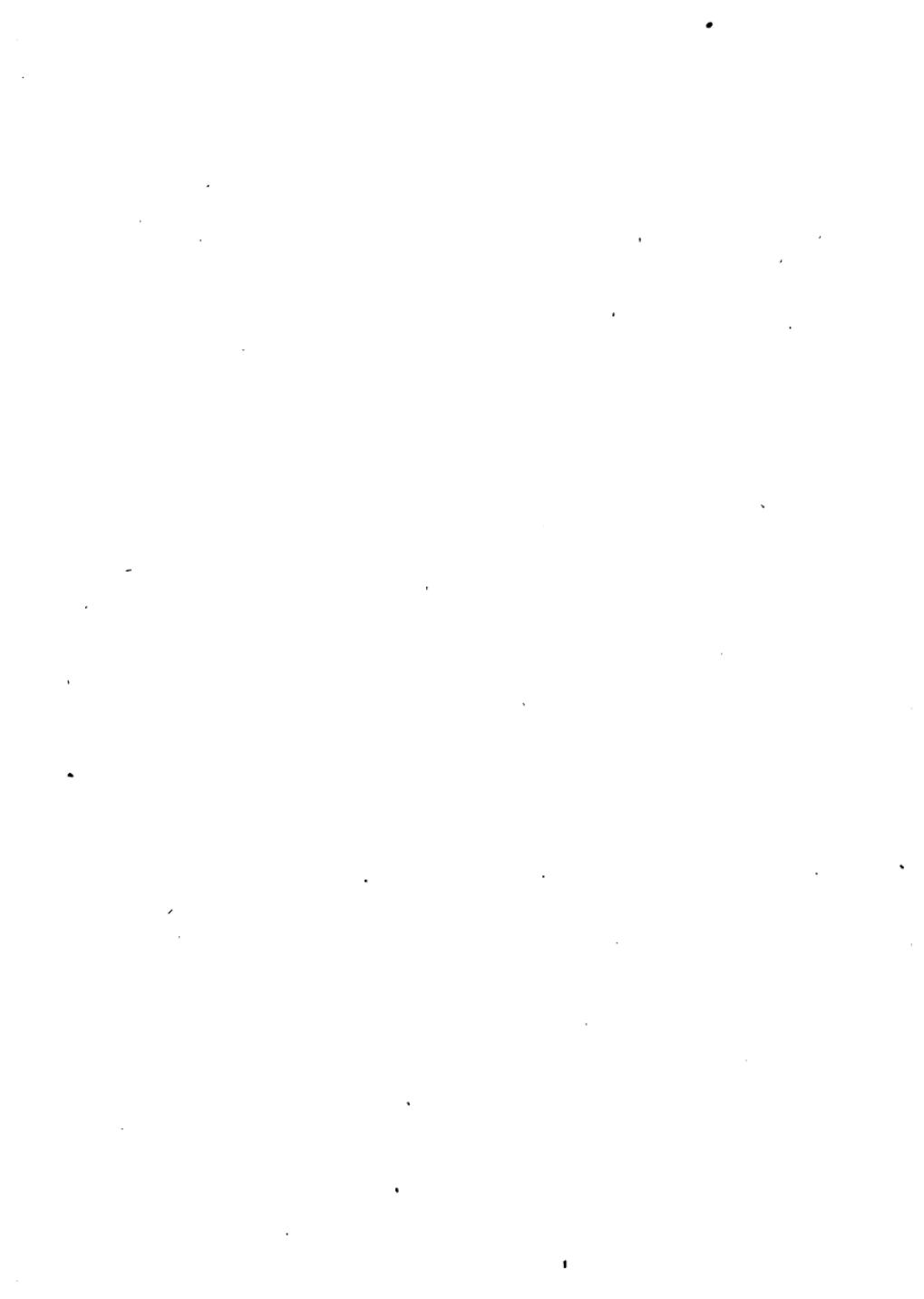
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